THE

FAITHFUL KNIGHT,

A BALLAD,

BY

F. SCHILLER,

DONE INTO ENGLISH BY THE TRANSLATOR

OF

THE GERMAN ERATO, ETC.

AND

SET TO MUSIC BY

J. R. ZUMSTEEG.

LONDON,

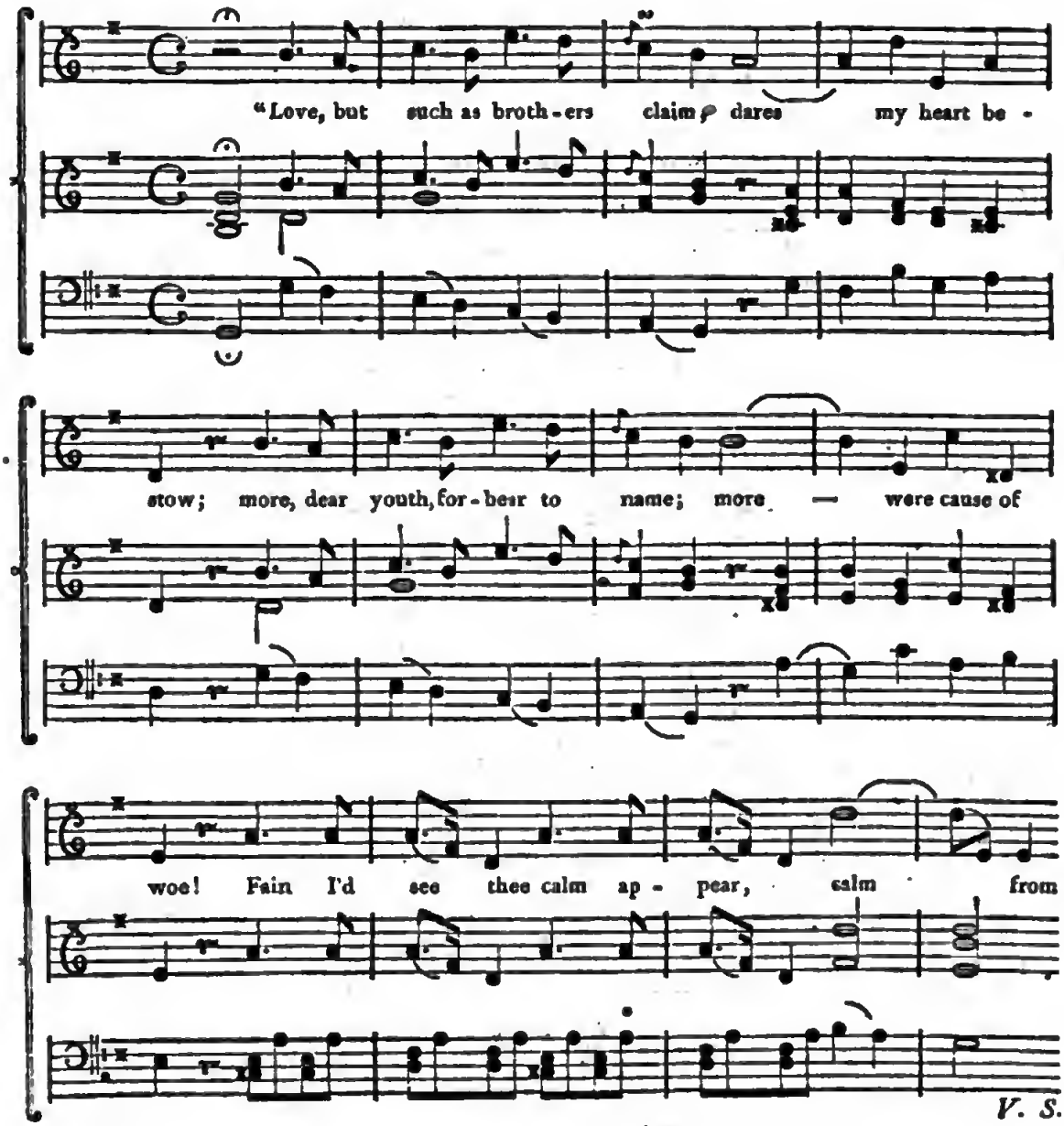
SOLD BY L. LAVENU, NO. 29. NEW BOND-STREET,

MUSIC-SELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

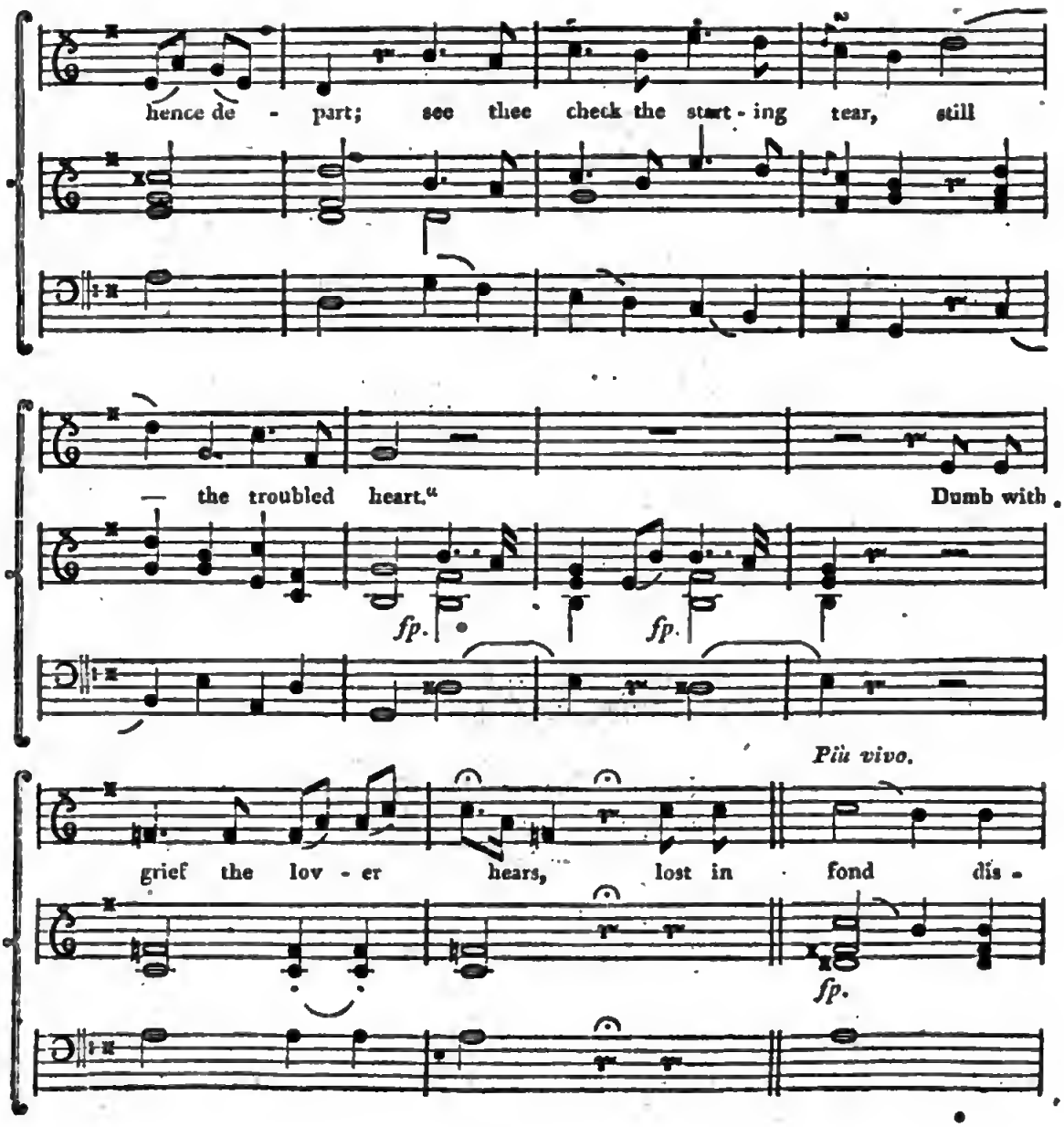
1800.

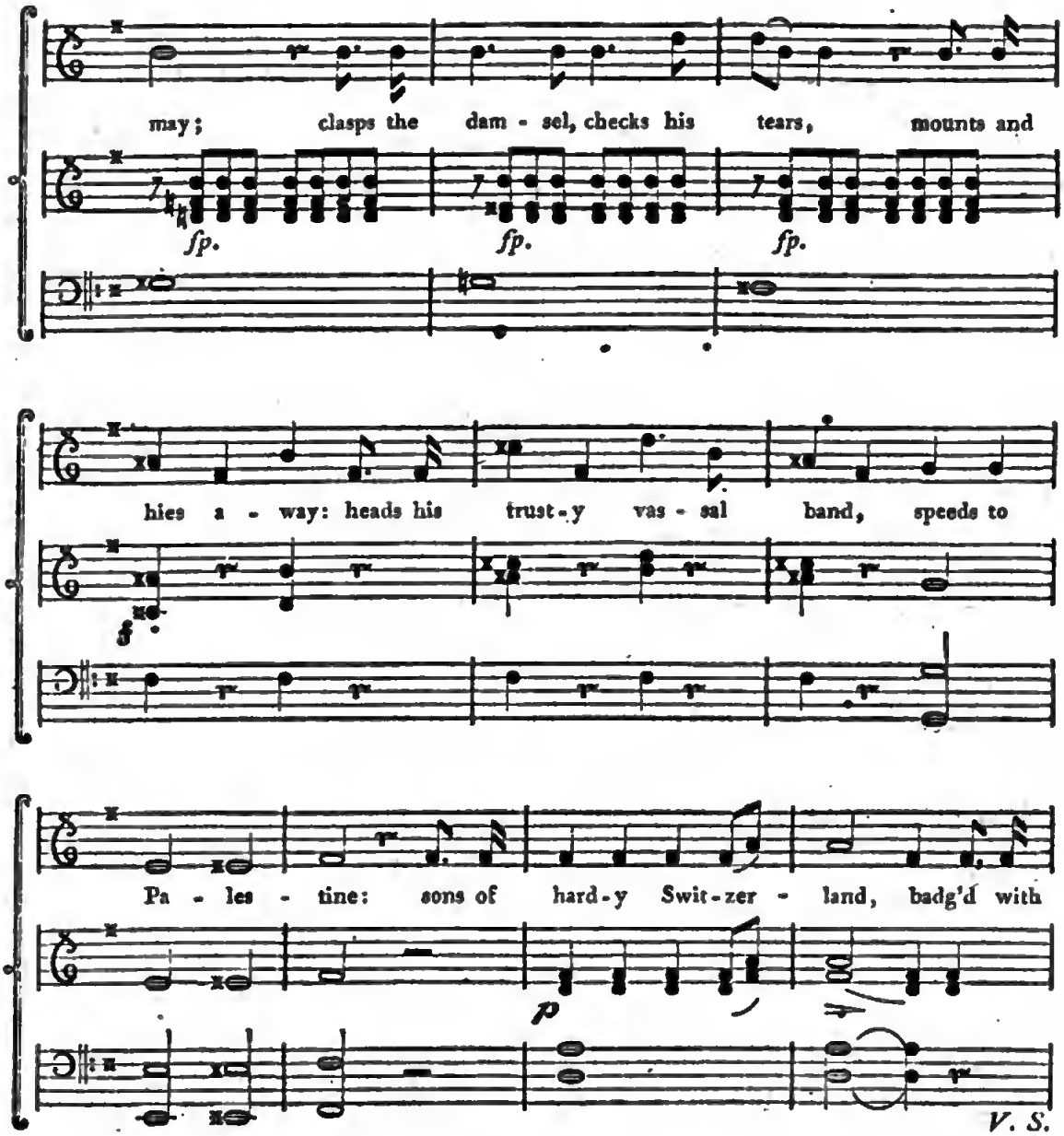
Digitized by Google

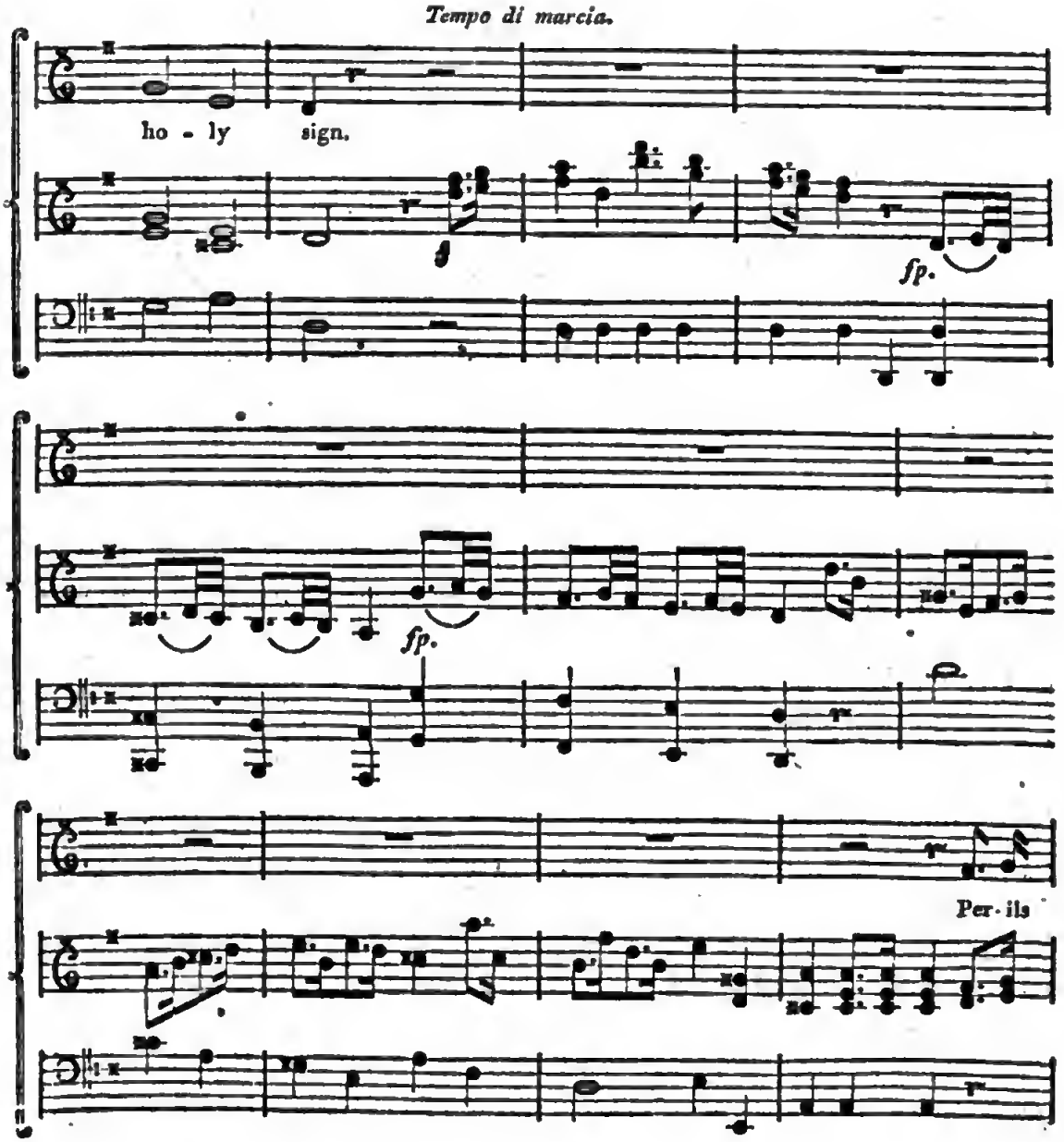
Dolce con tenerezza.



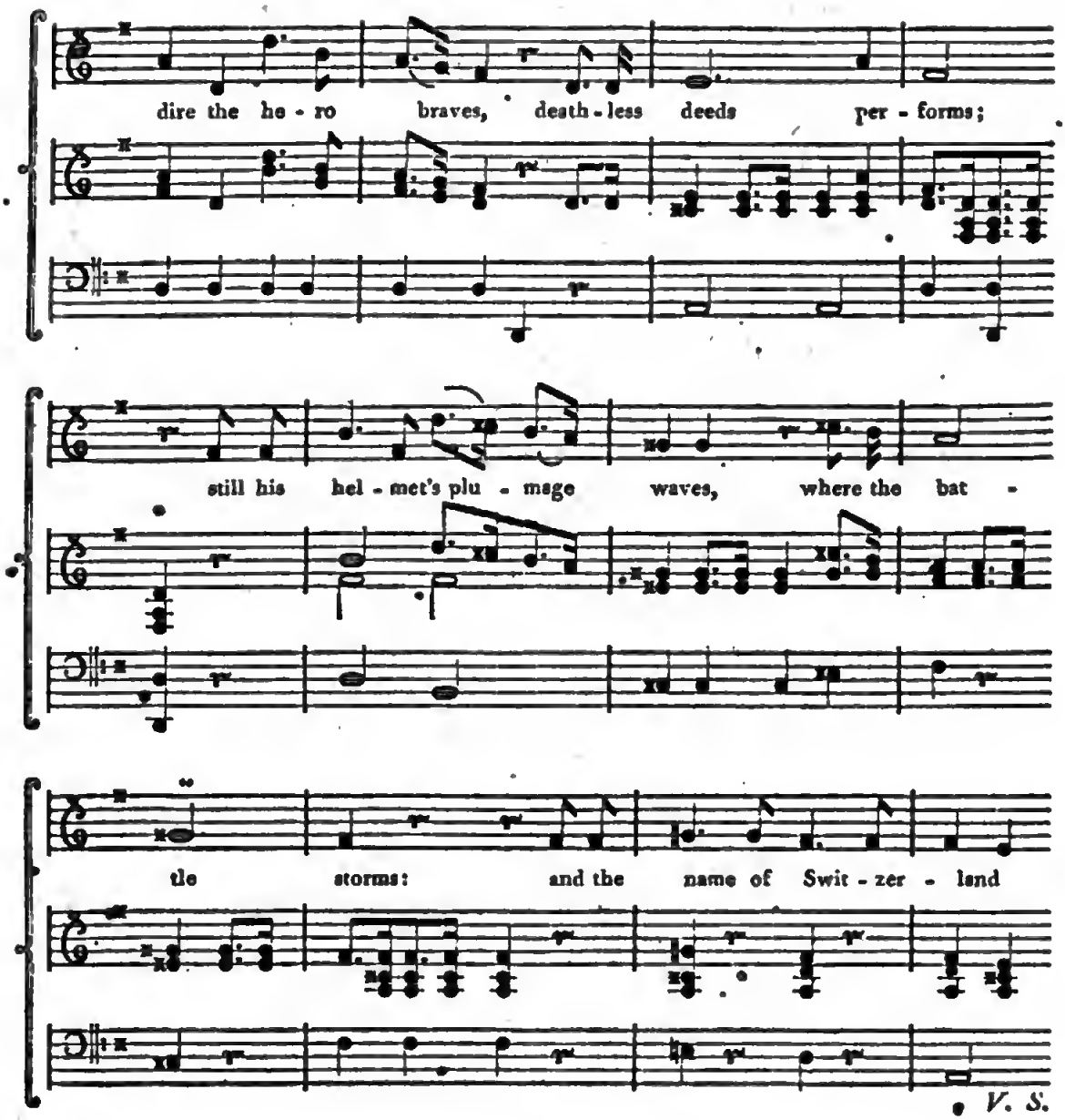
V. S.

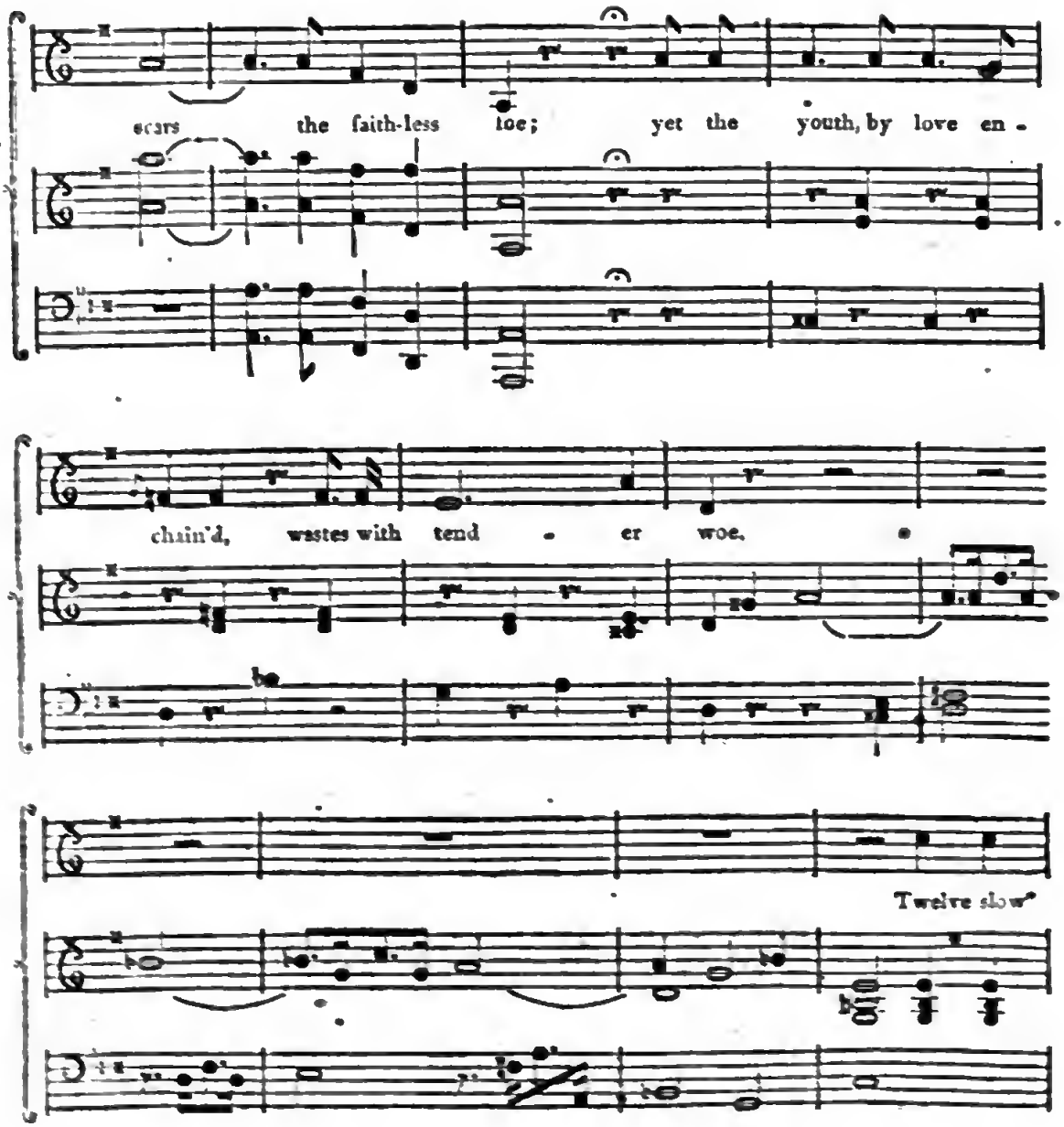

hence de - part; see thee check the start - ing tear, still
— the troubled heart.“ Dumb with
fp. fp.
Più vivo.
grief the lov - er hears, lost in fond dis -
fp.

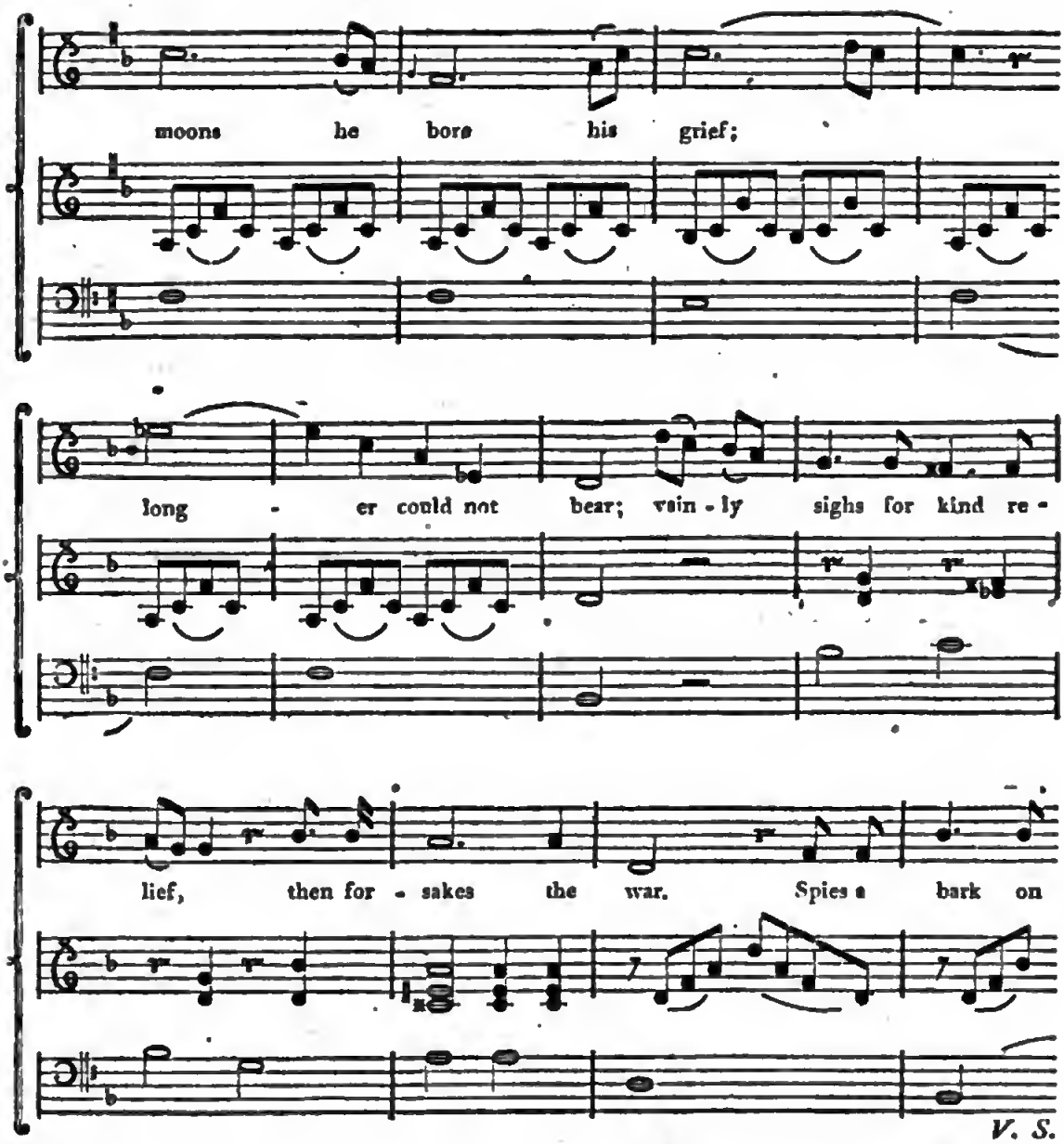

may; clasps the dam - sel, checks his tears, mounts and
fp. fp. fp.
hies a - way: heads his trust-y vas - sal band, speeds to
Pa - les - tine: sons of hard-y Swit-zer - land, badg'd with
p
V. S.



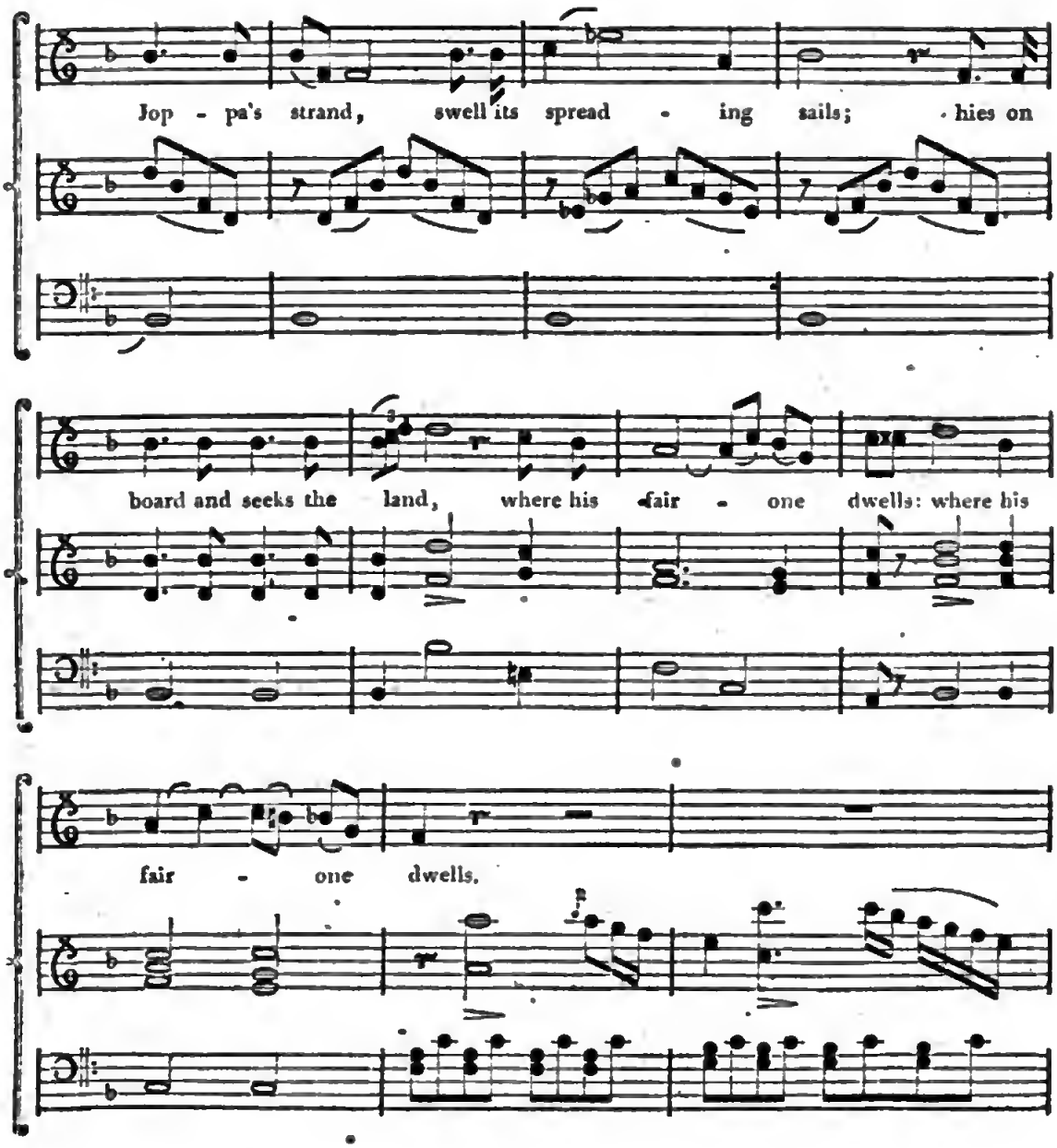
Digitized by Google

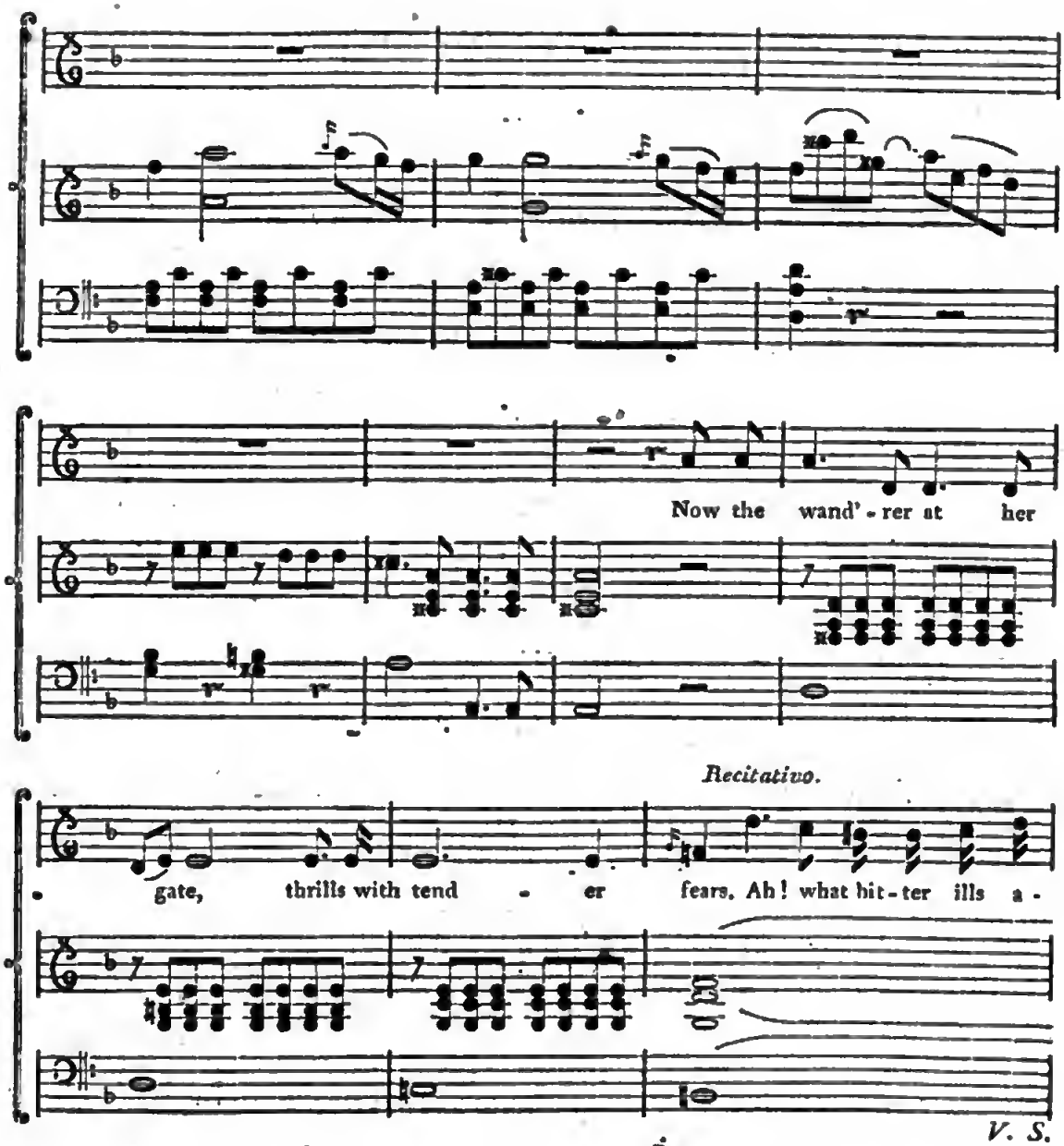

dire the he - ro braves, death - less deeds per - forms;
still his hel - met's plu - mage waves, where the bat -
tle storms: and the name of Swit - zer - land
V. S.

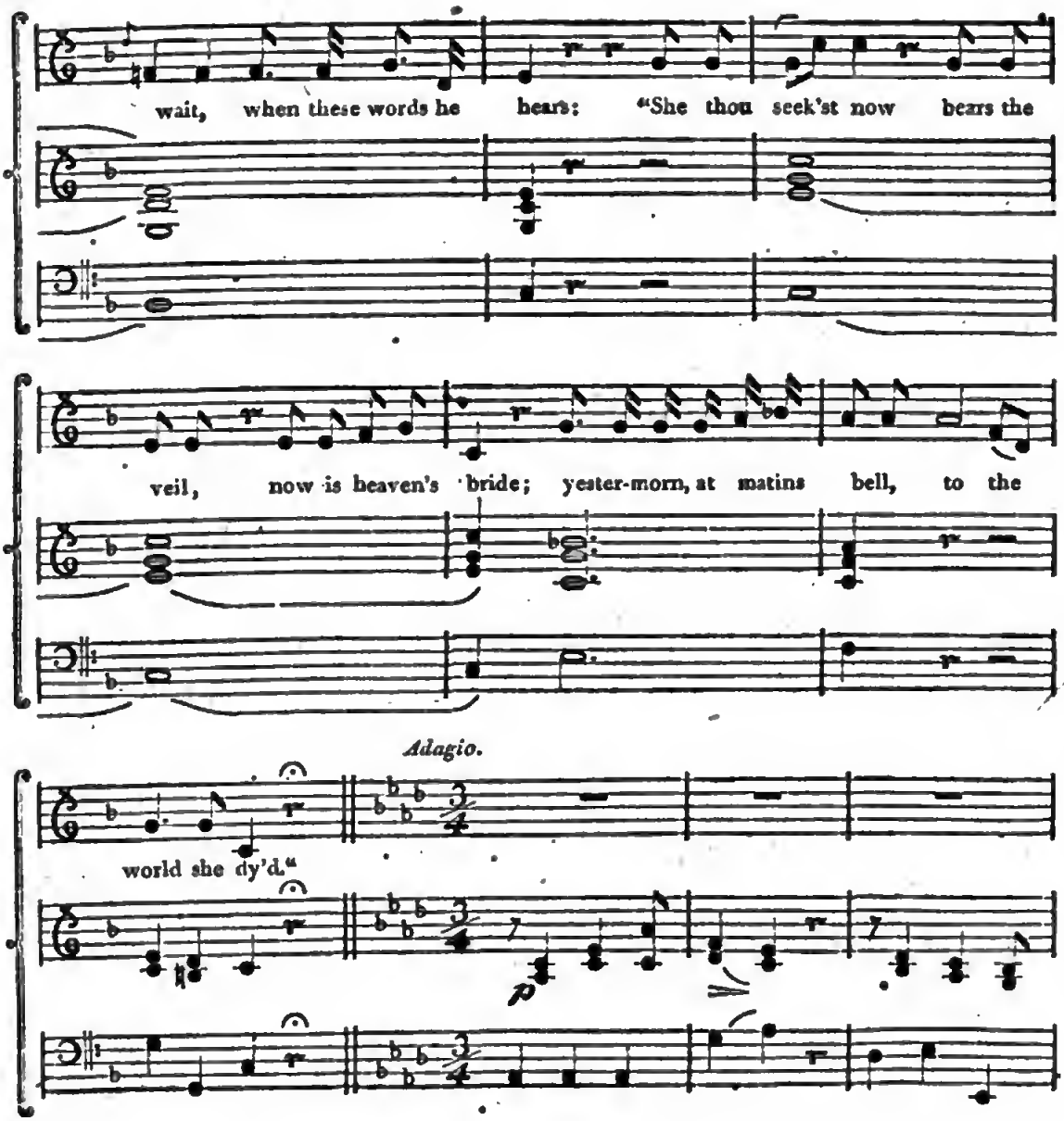

scars the faith-less toe; yet the youth, by love en -
chain'd, wastes with tend - er woe.
Twelve slow

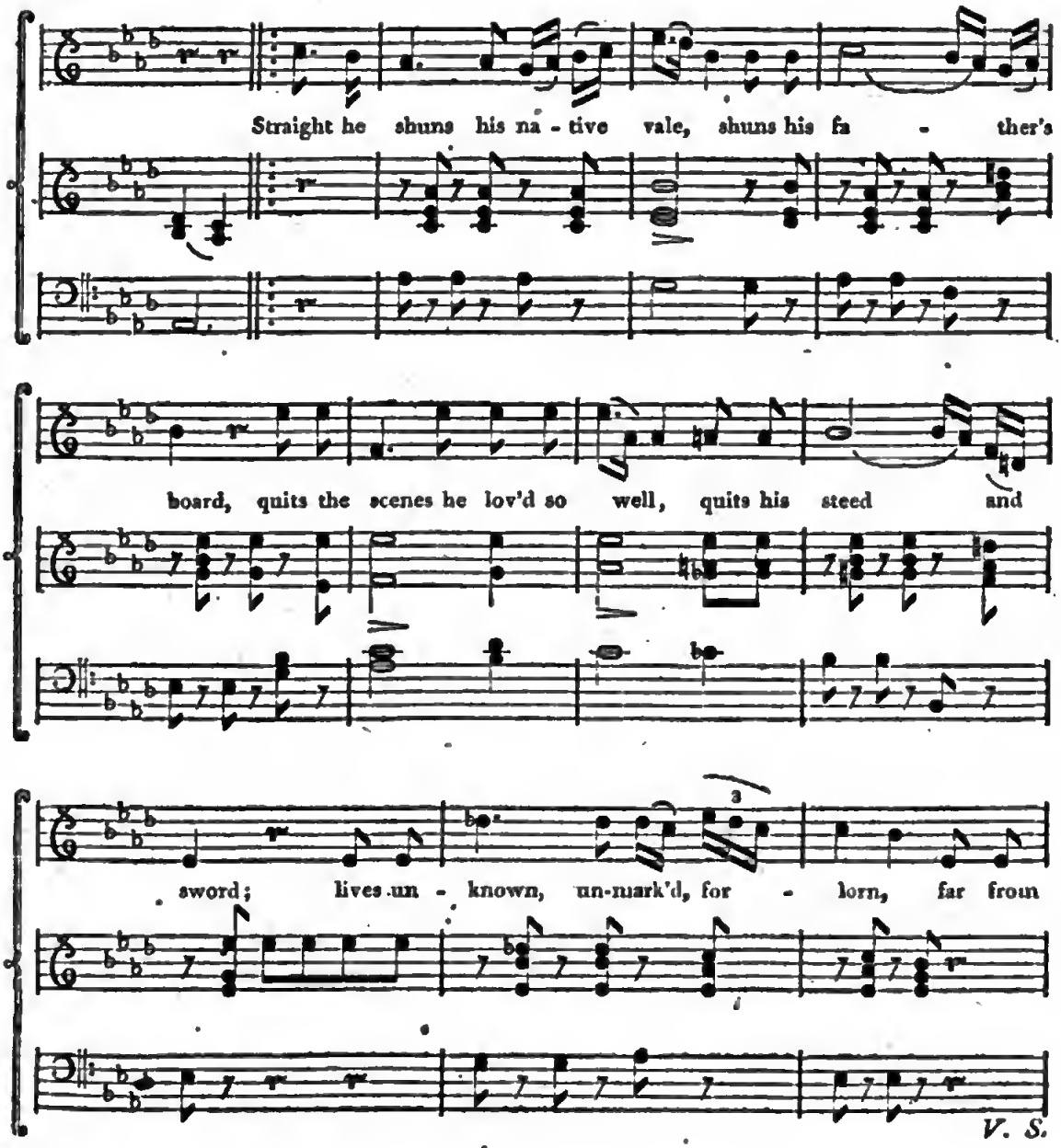

moons he bore his grief;
long - er could not bear; vain - ly sighs for kind re -
lief, then for - sakes the war. Spies a bark on

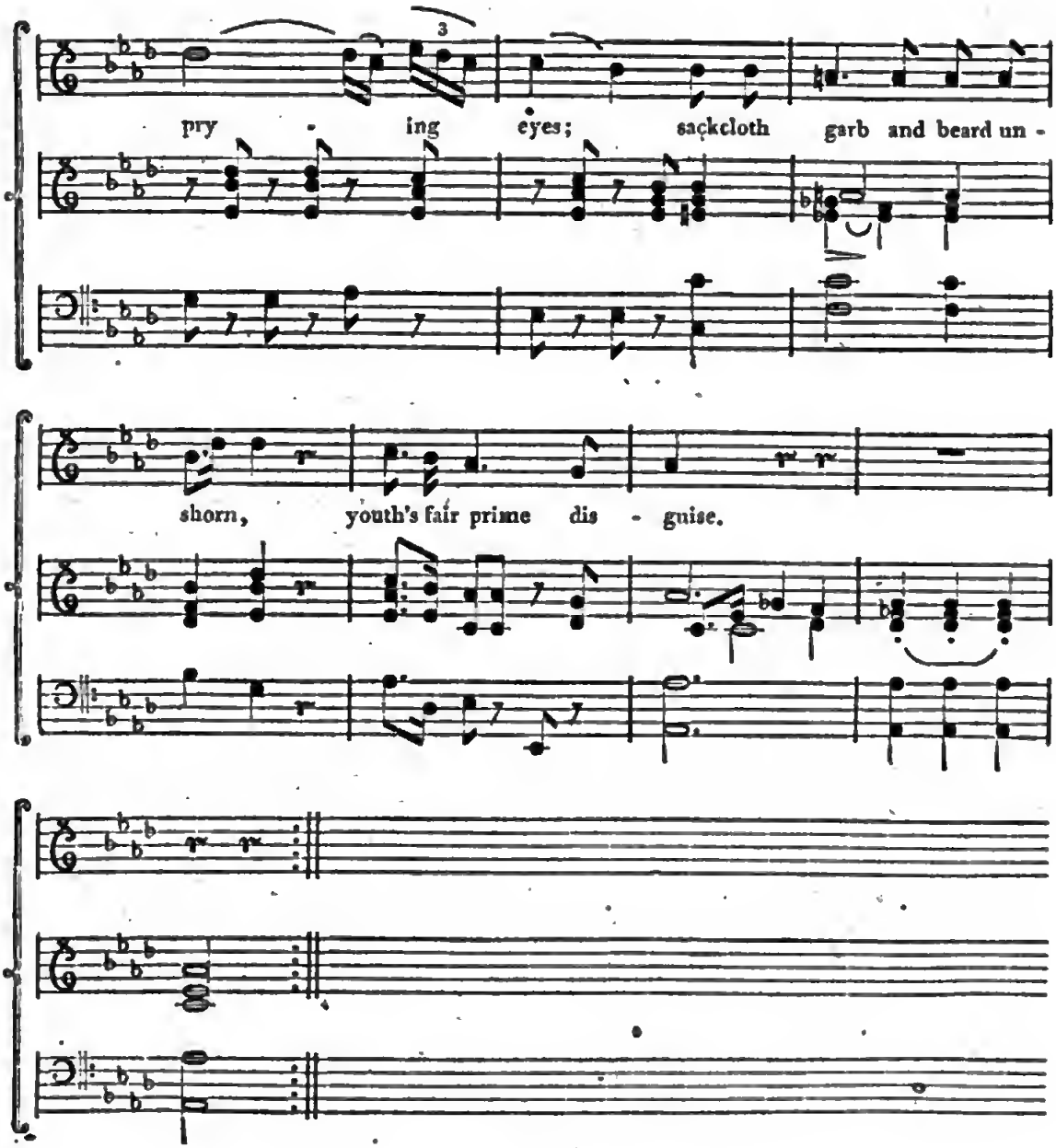
V. S.


Jop - pa's strand, swell its spread - ing sails; hies on
board and seeks the land, where his fair - one dwells: where his
fair - one dwells.


Now the wand'-rer at her
Recitativo.
gate, thrills with tend - er fears. Ah! what bit-ter ills a-
V. S.


wait, when these words he hears: "She thou seek'st now bears the
veil, now is heaven's bride; yester-morn, at matins bell, to the
Adagio.
world she dy'd."
p


Straight he shuns his na - tive vale, shuns his fa - ther's
board, quits the scenes he lov'd so well, quits his steed and
sword; lives un - known, un-mark'd, for - lorn, far from
V. S.



Digitized by Google

VII.

And erelong, a simple shed,
Near yon slope he rears,
Where the cloister's tow'ry head
Oer the grove appears.
There, from morning's blushing sky,
Down to setting sun,
Hope still beaming in his eye,
Sat the youth alone: —

VIII.

Sat and ey'd the cloister's pile,
Ey'd its hallow'd bound; —
Eyes the window of her cell,
Till the casement sound;
Till the lov'd recluse was seen,
Till the sainted maid
Cast a look, as heav'n serene,
Down the silent glade.

IX.

Then, at each returning night,
Sunk to soft repose;
Grateful hail'd the welcome light,
When the morn arose.
Patient, still for many a day,
Many a year's long round,
Waits the ling'ring hour away,
Till the casement sound: —

X.

Till the lov'd recluse is seen,
Till the sainted maid
Casts a look, as heav'n serene,
Down the silent glade.
And as Death, one fated morn,
Ends his tender care,
Still his looks, all pallid, turn
To'ard the cloister'd fair!

Digitized by Google

THE FOLLOWING PUBLICATIONS, BY THE SAME HAND, MAY LIKEWISE BE HAD AT L. LAVENU'S.

THE GERMAN ERATO, *THIRD EDITION.*

THE GERMAN SONGSTER, *SECOND EDITION.*

GERMAN BALLADS AND SONGS, *SECOND EDITION.*

TWELVE FAVOURITE SONGS.

LEONORA, A BALLAD, FROM BÜRGER.

Digitized by Google